

256
A
COLLECTION

OF

Divine Hymns

UPON

Several Occasions,

Suited to our Common Tunes, for
the Use of Devout Christians,
in Singing forth the Praises of
God.

The Second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Tho. Parkhurst, at the Bible
and Three Crowns, the lower end of
Cheapside, 1704.

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THE P R E F A C E.

FOR the Publication of this little Book, I may not make use of the Instance of the Painter, that took an Eye from one, a Limb from another, and a Complexion from a third. &c. lest some should expect too much Excellency here: Know this, that it was only a Collection, with several Additions and Alterations for my own Family: But some seeing of it, desired that it might be made Publick. I am very sensible that the right Performance of this Duty in Verse, in a Spiritual manner, is of greater Difficulty than Prayer and Praise is in Prose; because here the Words and Composure is not our own: For all Psalmody falling under the Rules of Art, and confin'd to Sounds, there is not that freedom of Soul to express the present Conceptions of our Mind and Spirit as in Prose, though many times the Verse hits upon the very Thoughts of our Hearts, and may express them better than we could our selves; but this is accidental. I confess this is one of the Arguments for Forms of Prayer; and truly I must own there is a necessity of betaking our selves to well Compos'd Forms in Hymns and Psalms; for I know of no Ministers or Christians that pretend to any Accuracy in sudden Extempory Hymns, or putting a Psalm of David into Verse, so well suddenly, as they can by Study, Premeditation, and Composure; especially for the Use and Benefit of others: It is not my Business here to dispute, others have well answered all other Objections against this Duty. It's easily understood that he that Prays is the Mouth of all the rest, and it's their great Duty that join with him to labour affectionately, to

Baxter's
Paraph. on
Psalms.

The P R E F A C E.

go along with him in their Spirits, and at last to say Amen to all that they apprehend hath been according to the Will of God : But in Psalms and Hymns they are all Mouths, all Vocally Praise God, therefore ought to hear beforehand, or have it before them in a Book, what is to be Sung ; and this must not be only to avoid Confusion, but it is necessary in all Harmony that Words and Sounds be concordantly the same : And here lies the Difference between Prayer and Praise in Verse, or Psalmody, and Prayer and Praise in Prose ; this first being Vocally express'd by one, the other Vocally express'd by all. It must be acknowledged that there must be a due regard had to variety of Psalms and Hymns, lest we dull and cloy our selves in the use of this Spiritual and Evangelical Duty : And indeed I cannot but express my Experience in this Matter, that an excellent new and well compos'd Hymn, or the often varying in this Ordinance, doth much affect me ; and I believe all Persons will acknowledge, that the often, or constant Use of the same Psalm or Hymn hath not such a Tendency to stir up such lively Affections : And I need not tell any the Reason of this that knows any thing of the Soul of Man ; and the Humane Nature, which must be delighted even in the Worship of God. I hope some will Collect more and better for the benefit of the Church, and those that do believe ; and that none will grutch us this most Ancient, Useful, nay, Glorious Imployment : If they do, they are worse than the Heathen Pliny, who gives an Account of the Christians (not scoffingly) in his time ; this being one part of their Character, that it was their Practice to Sing Praises to God, and to one Jesus, whom they called their Redeemer, before the break of Day.

If any shall benefit by the use of this little Collection, or be excited to set upon the Work, and do it far better, it is that which I hope for, earnestly desiring God may have the Glory, and Believers Souls the Help and Advantage, by such an attempt.

Yours, &c.

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near Mercers-Chapel.*

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A Collection of Hymns.

Hymn out of *Psalm* 104.

*The Power and Goodness of God in the Creation,
and Governments of the World, Celebrated with
Praise.*

Part I.

The Majesty and Greatness of God.

I.

D. W.

Come, O my Soul! My Nobler Part
Thy Noblest Pow'rs now bring;
Rouze up thy self with ravish'd Heart
Thy Maker's Praise to sing.

II.

O Mighty Lord! My God and King,
How shall my Meanness treat
Of thee, and of thy Glories sing,
Who art exceeding Great!

III.

Eternal Being, who to none
Dost thine Existence owe;
All things that are didst thou alone
Make out of nothing grow.

IV.

Invisible to Mortal Eye,
To th' World is God display'd,
With Glory and with Majesty
In his own Works array'd.

V. When

V.

When thou design'st, Lord, to our Sight
 Thy self to manifest,
 First in a Robe of spotless Light
 Thou didst thy self invest.

VI.

Then as a glittering Diadem
 Thou fram'st the Firmament,
 (Wherein each Star shines as a Gem)
 Stretch'd to a vast extent.

VII.

On Waters rais'd unto the Sky
 Thou mighty Beams hast laid,
 And meet for thy Great Majesty
 A Royal Palace made.

VIII.

The blackest Clouds with brightest Beams
 The glorious Sun doth gild;
 These are thy Chariots, from them streams
 Light, which thy Glory fills.

IX.

When thou descend'st to cast an Eye
 On these inferior things,
 In these thou rid'st, or else dost fly,
 Making the Wind thy Wings.

X.

Bright Angels stand before thy Face,
 At thy Command they go;
 With such wing'd speed they run their Race
 Swift Flames to them are slow.

Part II.

God's Creation of the Earth and Sea.

I.

Thou hast the Pillars of the Earth
 On Basis set so fast,

Unmov'd

Divine Hymns.

3

Unmov'd they from the Worlds First Birth
Unto its end shall last.

II.

Thou o'er the Infant's Earth's bare Face
A Purple Vail dost spread
Of Waters weav'd, couch'd in the Place
Where Hills now shew their Head.

III.

But that the Earth might see the Light,
And smile on springing Day,
Thy Voice like Thunder did affright,
And rend those Vails away.

IV.

The Mountains that in watry Beds
Lay sleeping heard thy Call,
And starting, raised up their Heads,
Stood looking over all.

V.

The Vail's affrighted straight began
To sink, and shrink away;
The frighted Waters trembling ran,
And in their Bosom lay.

VI.

But lest the Waters should at length
Cast off their Captive Chain,
And growing bold, should by their strength
Their Empire lost regain.

VII.

For ever thou to check their Pride
Hast by thy Mighty Hand
Fixt them a bound, forc'd to abide
Within a Wall of Sand.

VIII.

Divine Hymns.

VIII.

Beside the Mighty Valley made,
 The Channel of the Sea,
 A Thousand Valleys in the Shade
 Of raised Mountains lay.

IX.

And that the Valleys might not want
 The Waters that were fled,
 Some of these Captives did recant,
 And back again were led.

X.

Led through the Chambers of the Earth
 In dark and secret Ways,
 Till Born again by a New Birth
 They saw the Sun's bright Rays.

Part III.

God's Provision for all his Creatures.

I.

The Mighty God who Rules all things
 Makes Valleys fresh and gay,
 With Crystal Streams from Silver Springs,
 Where Flocks both feed and play.

II.

These Waters with their purling Rills
 Make pleasant Harmony,
 And whilst they dance amongst the Hills
 Delight both Ear and Eye.

III.

Wild Asses, and the tamer Beasts,
 Do here both Drink and Dine;
 Their Pastures are their pleasant Feasts,
 Their Waters are their Wine.

IV.

Divine Hymns.

IV.

That no Delights behind may stay
The Birds their Musick bring,
And while the Beasts do feed and play
The Birds in Branches sing.

V.

And lest the Mountains should complain
That though they thirsted first,
They still may thirst, and not obtain
One drop to quench their Thirst.

VI.

God from his Chambers looking down
His Blessings on them pours,
With flowery Blossoms doth them Crown,
Produc'd by pleasant Showers.

VII.

The Earth hath mighty Appetites,
But God doth still provide
A Feast, to which he all invites,
And all are satisfied.

VIII.

For Beasts he makes the Earth produce
The Grass, a grateful Food,
And pleasant Herbs too for the use
Of Man, to both he's good.

IX.

Of Man and of his Food hath he
Made Earth the Common Source,
That Man might know the Earth to be
His Mother and his Nurse.

X.

He feeds him with the finest Bread,
And makes his Face to shine

With

With Oil, and when his Joys are dead
He chears his Heart with Wine.

Part IV.

*God's Admirable Providence in the Government of
the World.*

I.

TH E stately Trees that grow upon
Dry Hills no Moisture want ;
The Cedar, King in *Lebanon*,
Is God's own Royal Plant.

II.

Within these Trees Birds for their Young
Build little Nurseries ;
The Stork to save herself from wrong
Unto the Fir-tree flies.

III.

Wild Goats themselves to Hills betake
As Castles of Defence,
And Rocks the weaker Coneys make
Shields for their Innocence.

IV.

The Sun and Moon, the King and Queen
Of Heaven's bright Court above,
By all the Lower World are seen
In State to shine and move.

V.

The Moon this Lower World to Grace
Gives Night the Face of Day ;
At length she shews but half a Face,
And turns her self away.

VI.

Thus by her changes she defines
The Periods of our Time,

Divine Hymns.

7

The Sun in brighter Glory shines,
And doth much higher climb.

VII.

But yet this Glorious Height and Light
Secures not from a Fall ;
With Thousand Lamps the Sable Night
Sets forth his Funeral.

VIII.

The Earth then puts her Mourning on,
Then Darknes is her Vail,
Then all her Loveliness is gone,
All her Delights do fail.

IX.

Then Salvages that hate the Light,
Which might their Thefts bewray,
Under the Curtains of the Night
Securely seek their Prey.

X.

Then the fierce Tyrants of the Wood,
Whose Force none dare withstand ;
Young Lions roar and seek their Food
From God Almighty's Hand.

XI.

But now the Sun revives again,
And with him brings the Day ;
In Dens where they before had lain,
Themselves again they lay.

XII.

Thus Beasts of Prey give Place to Men
As Darknes doth to Light ;
Man safely minds his Business then
Till Day resigns to Night.

Part

Part V.

God's Riches fills the Earth and Sea.

I.

In all these Works (how manifold)
 Thy Glories, Lord, do shine ?
 In them such Wisdom we behold,
 We know the Works are thine.

II.

Vast Sums thy Royal Treasuries
 The Earth and Sea contain ;
 Though still laid out for our Supplies,
 They still return again.

III.

Vast Troops well Arm'd with Silver Scales
 Do Forage in the Sea ;
 There sports the mighty Giant Whales,
 There Pigmy Fishes Play.

IV.

Small Ships there ride on mighty Waves,
 And as they rise and fall
 Men sail among high Tombs, deep Graves,
 Yet fear no Funeral.

Part VI.

All Creatures are sustain'd by God.

I.

All Creatures, Lord, which thou hast made
 Upon thee waiting stand ;
 Their Strength doth fail, their Beauty fade,
 Not cherish'd by thy Hand.

II.

But thou, O God, who gav'st them Life,
 Sustain'st them all with Food,
 Thou scatter'st, they with busie Strife
 Straight gather what is good.

III.

III.

Thy Smiles do make them Brisk and Gay,
Thy Favour is their Joy;
But if thou turn'st thy self away
They Mourn, and Faint, and Die.

IV.

Their Life and Breath is in thine Hand,
Thy Strength's their Stay and Trust;
Sustain'd or left by thee they stand
Or fall, and turn to Dust.

V.

And when they're left by thee they fall,
And lifeless Dust remain;
By thy life-breathing Sp'rit they all
Revive and live again.

VI.

The Face then of the fruitful Earth
Is with new Beauty blest,
And all her Children sing for Mirth,
In new Apparel drest.

VII.

The World is chang'd by Power Divine,
But God is still the same;
In all his Works his Glory shines,
Eternizing his Name.

Part VII.

*God is to be praised for his dreadful Majesty and
wonderful Works.*

I.

HE sits on an Eternal Throne,
With Mercy cloath'd and Might;
The Works his Hands hath wrought alone
Are still his Heart's Delight.

B

II.

II.

If in his Robes of Majesty
 He to the Earth draw near,
 Or cast from Heaven a flaming Eye,
 Th' Earth trembling Faints for fear.

III.

Or if he his Almighty Hand
 On th' Mountains Head doth lay,
 The Mountains can no longer stand,
 But smoke and melt away.

IV.

I will extol with Noble Praise
 This Mighty God and King,
 While vital Breath prolongs my Days
 His Praises I will sing.

V.

My Heart and Tongue with Holy Strife
 Shall in his Praises be
 Continual Rivals all my Life,
 For Joy one Jubilee.

VI.

Let those who do this Lord despise,
 And 'gainst his Law rebel,
 As Rebels fall, and never rise,
 But sink from Earth to Hell.

VII.

But, Oh my Soul! my Ravisht Heart,
 Praise thou th' Almighty King;
 Let all his Subjects bear a part,
 And *Hallelujah* sing.

Hymn II. as the 148th Psalm.

Come *Hallelujah* sing,
Jehovah's Praise proclaim

Divine Hymns.

11

From Heav'n, till Earth do ring
I'th' heights extol his Fame ;

His Glory raise

Ye Armies all,

Angelical,

With Glorious Praise.

Thy Beams, O Sun, by Day !

Thy Rays, O Moon, by Night !

Unto his Praise display,

Praise him ye Stars of Light ;

His Praise declare

Ye Heavens above,

And Clouds that move

I'th' empty Air.

O let them Praise the Name

Of this All-glorious Lord,

For at his Call they came,

Created by his Word ;

For ever he

Hath fixt them fast,

For there he past

A firm Decree.

The Lord, who all things keeps,

Praise ye from Earth below,

Ye Dragons, and all Deepes,

Ye Fire, and Hail, and Snow,

And Vapours stirr'd

By Stormy Winds,

Which he doth bind

Or loose by's Word.

Ye Mountains which do raise

Your Heads to Heav'n, and all

Ye Hills and Mountains Praise,

Fruit-trees and Cedars tall ;

From

B 2

Beasts,

Beasts, Wild and Tame,
Each creeping Thing,
All Birds of Wing,
Exalt his Name.

Ye Kings of great Command,
And Men of meaner Birth,
Ye Potent Princes, and
All Judges of the Earth,
Both Young Men all,
Maids in their Prime,
Men hoard with Time,
And Children small:

O let them join and raise
Jehovah's Name on high ;
His Name's above their Praise,
Exalted gloriously
With Rays Divine,
His Glory bright
Obscures Earth's Light,
And th' Heavens outshines

Gloria Patri.

To th' Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, now be
All Glory unto One
True God, and Persons Three ;
As 'twas, is when
Time's Measure ends,
His Praise transcends
All Time. Amen.

The Angels and Churches Hymn.

Glory to God on high,
And Peace to Men below ;
Now God in Grace is nigh,
And Blessings to bestow.

All Glory then
To th' Father too,
The Son also,
And Spirit. *Amen.*

Hymn III. as 148th Psalm. D. W.

Give Laud unto the Lord
From the Cœlestial Coasts;
All ye his Praise Record,
His Angels and his Hosts
Him Glorifie;
Sun, Moon, and Stars,
(Yea, highest Spheres)
And Cloudy Sky.

O let them praise his Name,
Since made by his Command,
Who 'stablish'd all the Frame
Perpetually to Stand;
He also made
A firm Decree,
Which needs must be
By them obey'd.

Praise God from Earth below,
Ye Dragons and all Deeps,
Fire, Hail, Clouds, Wind, and Snow,
Whom in Command he keeps:
Hills low and high,
Trees all that grow,
Beasts swift or slow,
Fouls all that fly.

Kings and the Vulgar Throng,
Princes and Judges all,

All

B 3

Yea,

Yea, Men and Maidens young,
 Old Men and Children small,
 Praise ye his Name,
 Whose Name alone
 As th' only One
 Extol in Fame.

Whose Glory bright does blaze
 Above the Earth and Sky,
 Of all his Saints the Praise
 He sets their Horn on high ;
 Even those that spring
 Of *Israel's* Race,
 Much in his Grace
 His Praises sing.

Hymn III. *as the 148th Psalm.*

YE Holy Angels bright,
 Which stand before God's Throne,
 And dwell in glorious Light,
 Praise ye the Lord each one.
 You there so nigh,
 Fitter than we
 Dark Sinners be,
 For things so high.

You Blessed Souls at Rest,
 Who see your Saviour's Face,
 Whose Glory, ev'n the least,
 Is far above our Grace ;
 God's Praises sound
 As in his Sight,
 With sweet Delight
 You do abound.

All Nations of the Earth
Extol the World's Great King,
With Melody and Mirth
His Glorious Praises sing ;
For he still Reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest Foe
That him disdains.

Sing forth *Jehovah's* Praise,
Ye Saints that on him call,
Magnifie him always
His Holy Churches all ;
In him rejoice,
And there proclaim
His Holy Name
With sounding Voice.

My Soul bear thou thy Part,
Triumph in God above,
With a well-tuned Heart
Sing thou the Songs of Love ;
Thou art his own,
Whose precious Blood
Shed for thy good
His Love made known.

He did in Love begin,
Renewing thee by Grace,
Forgiving all thy Sin,
Shew'd thee his pleased Face ;
He did thee Heal
By his own Merit,
And by his Spirit
He did thee Seal.

In saddest Thoughts and Grief,
 In Sicknes, Fears, and Pain,
 I cry'd for his Relief,
 And did not cry in vain;
 He heard with speed,
 And still I found
 Mercy abound
 In time of need.

Let not his Praises grow
 On prosp'rous Heights alone,
 But in the Vales below
 Let his great Love be known;
 Let no Distress
 Curb and Controul
 My winged Soul,
 And Praise suppress.

Part II.

Let not the Fear or Smart
 Of his Chastising Rod
 Take off my fervent Heart
 From praising my Dear God;
 Still let me kneel,
 And to him bring
 This Offering
 Whate'er I feel.

Tho' I lose Friends and Wealth,
 And bear Reproach and Shame,
 Tho' I lose Ease and Heath,
 Still let me praise God's Name;
 That Fear and Pain
 Which would destroy
 My Thanks and Joy
 Do thou restrain.

Tho'

Tho' Humane Help depart,
And Flesh draw near to Dust,
Let Faith keep up my Heart
To love God True and Just ;
And all my Days
Let no Disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful Praise.

Tho' Sin would make me doubt,
And fill my Soul with Fears ;
Tho' God seem to shut out
My daily Cries and Tears,
By no such Frost
Of sad Delays
Let thy sweet Praise
Be nipt and lost.

Away distrustful Care,
I have thy Promise, Lord,
To banish all Despair
I have thy Oath and Word,
And therefore I
Shall see thy Face,
And there thy Grace
Shall Magnifie.

Tho' Sin and Death conspire
To rob thee of thy Praise,
Towards thee I'll aspire,
And thou dull Hearts canst raise ;
Open thy Door,
And when grim Death
Shall stop his Breath
I'll praise thee more.

With

With thy Triumphant Flock
Then I shall numbered be ;
Built on th' Eternal Rock
His Glory we shall see.

The Heav'ns so high
With Praise shall ring,
And all shall sing
In Harmony.

The Sun is but a Spark
From the Eternal Light,
Its brightest Beams are dark
To that most Glorious Sight ;
There the whole Choir
With one Accord
Shall praise the Lord
For evermore.

Hymn V. of Three Parts.

1. Confession. 2. Petition. 3. Thanksgiving.

Coll.

LORD, from the horrid Deep my Cries
Ascend unto thine Ear,
Do not my Mournful Voice despise,
But my Petition hear.

I do confess that I receiv'd
My very Shape in Sin,
In it my Mother me conceiv'd,
And brought me forth therein.

Numberless Evils compass me,
My Sins do me assail,
More than my very Hairs they be,
So that my Heart doth fail.

But

But there is Mercy to be had
With thee, and Pardoning Grace,
That Men may be encouraged
With Fear to seek thy Face.

Have Mercy, Lord, and Pity take
On me in this Distress,
For thine abundant Mercy sake
Blot out my Wickedness.

My Youthful Sins do thou deface,
Keep them not on Record,
But after thine abundant Grace
Remember me, O Lord.

Lord, hide thy Face from all my Sins,
And my Misdeeds deface,
O God, make clean my Heart within,
Renew it with thy Grace.

From every presumptuous Crime
Thy Servant, Lord, restrain,
And let them not any time
The least Dominion gain.

Blessed is he to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his Sin,
Whose Heart hath all Deceit abhor'd
And Guile's not found therein.

O then let Joy and Gladness speak,
And let me hear their Voice,
That so the Bones which thou didst break
May feelingly rejoice.

Then Bless the Living Lord, my Soul,
His Glorious Praise proclaim,
Let all my Inward Powers Extol
And Bless his Holy Name.

Forget

Forget not all his Benefits,
But bless the Lord, my Soul,
VWho all thy Trespases remits,
And makes thee found and whole.

Behold what wondrous Love on us
The Father hath bestow'd,
That we should be advanced thus,
And call'd the Sons of God.

Because thy Loving-kindness is
Better than length of Days,
And precioufer than Life it self,
My Lips shall speak thy Praise.

With Marrow and sweet Fatness fill'd
My thankful Soul shall be;
My Mouth shall join with joyful Lips
In giving Praise to thee.

For whom have I in Heaven but thee?
Nor is there any one
In all the World desir'd of me
Besides thy self alone.

Tho' Flesh consume, and Heart be broke,
And all do fail me fore,
Yet God's my Heart's unshaken Rock,
And Portion evermore.

The Path of Life thou wilt shew me,
With thee are all the Treasures
Of Joy, and at thy Right Hand be
The everlasting Pleasures.

Goodness and Mercy all my Days
Shall surely follow me,
And in the House of God always
My Dwelling-place shall be.

Lord, all thy Works do speak thy Praise,
And thee thy Saints shall bless,
They shall proclaim thy Kingdom's Fame,
And thy Great Power express.

Thy Kingdom everlasting is,
Its Glory hath no end,
And thine alone Dominion
Through Ages doth extend.

Glory to the Eternal God,
In his transcendent Place ;
Let Peace on Earth make her Abode,
Let Men receive his Grace.

The Elders and the Blessed Saints,
Who do thy Throne surround,
Do never cease by Night or Day
These Praises to resound.

The Song of *Moses* and the Lamb
They sing with one Accord ;
Great are thy Works and Marvellous,
Almighty God our Lord.

Just are thy Ways, thou King of Saints,
And true in all thy Word ;
Who would not Fear and Glorifie
Thy Holy Name, O Lord ?

The Lamb is worthy that was slain
Of Power and Renown,
Of Wisdom, Honour, and to wear
The Royal Glorious Crown.

For thou our Souls redeemed hast
By thy most Precious Blood,
And made us Kings and Sacred Priests
To the Eternal God.

Let the exalted Heav'ns rejoice,
 And let the Earth be glad ;
 The Sea with its applauding noise
 Triumphant Praise shall add.

O Bless the Lord, all ye his Hosts,
 And Ministers of his,
 And all his Works throughout all Coasts
 Where his Dominions is.

Bless thou the Lord, my Soul, my Mouth
 His Praises shall Proclaim ;
 Bless him all Flesh, all that hath Breath
 Praise ye the Lord's great Name ;
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All Glory be therefore,
 As our Baptism doth oblige
 Both now and evermore.

A small Collection from Mr. Burges's.

H Eav'ns King my careful Shepherd is,
 I am his Pasture Sheep,
 'Twere strange if I should come to want,
 For he doth never sleep.

His Word and Ordinances are
 Fat Pastures unto me ;
 In them he leads me where the Streams
 Of Grace and Peace run free.

Surely thy Goodness and Free Grace
 Shall reach me all my Days ;
 And let my Life be long or short
 I'll spend it in thy Praise.

' Blessing, and Glory, and Renown,
 ' Then give me altogether,

Divine Hymns.

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‘ To him that on the Throne sits down,
‘ And to the Lamb for ever.

Hymn VI. *For the Sabbath.* D. B.

Come let us set to Angels Work,
Yea, Lord, I'll sing thy Praise,
I will proclaim thy wondrous Grace,
Thy Honour we will raise.

Thanksgiving is a heavenly Work,
'Tis all in Heaven they do,
To thank and praise the Lord most high,
On Earth 'tis sweet Work too.

Let all the World shout at the Just,
God will be their high Tower,
And such a Fort that all the World
Shall ne'er one Saint devour.

Of filly Babes and Sucklings weak
Thou mak'st the Church so strong,
That it confounds the Gates of Hell
That seek to do it wrong.

My Thoughts are much too big for Words
When to thy Heavens I look,
And view the Moon and Stars most high,
Thy glorious, lovely, Book.

Then Bless my Soul, and all my Powers
Bless ye *Jehovah's* Name,
As ye were Born to do, the Saints
Do always Praise the same.

Through Christ he pardons all our Sins,
And blots out our Misdeds,
He heals our outward Maladies,
And supplies all our Needs.

He

He hath the Keys of Hell and Death
 The Souls of Meh to save ;
 He in his Kindness bore the Cross
 That we the Crown might have.

Bless, bless my Soul, that Lord and God,
 VVhose Benefits engage ;
 His Benefits of every Hour
 VVho can count in an Age?

For this his Loving-kindnesses,
 He's sooner reconconcil'd,
 Than any tender Father is
 To his Repenting Child.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

For the Sabbath.

O Blessed are ye Saints above,
 How active is your State ?
 You ever bless the Lord your God
 Not at our broken Rate.

They never pray, but always praise,
 They endless Sabbaths keep,
 They never shut their Eyes or Mouths,
 Their Rest is free from sleep.

But Oh, how weak are crawling VVorms!
 How short's our Sabbath Days!
 VVe die more Hours by far in Sleep
 Than we do live in Praise.

O Glorious God, accept our VVills,
 And VVeaknesses forgive,
 VVe wish our Souls were like the Saints,
 Unlike them as we live.

They

They all were once as Weak as we,
 Lord, grant (e'er it be long,)
 That we may be as Strong as they,
 And sing their heavenly Song.

Lord, what is Life without thy Love?
 'Tis but a sorry Thing,
 What makes the Court of Heav'n above?
 Thy Presence 'tis, great King.

I do not envy great Mens State,
 Nor pine to see their Store,
 Take they the World give me thy Love,
 I'm Rich, and they are Poor.

Hymn VII. Another for the Sabbath day.

O God, whose glorious Majesty
 We can so little praise,
 'Tis but a few and weary Hours;
 And those the best of Days.
 If Heaven be the Land of Praise,
 Lord, why must we keep thence?
 What Folly is't that makes us loth
 To die, and to go hence?

Reach down, Reach down, thine Arm of Grace,
 Lord, fit us to ascend,
 Where Congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no End.

There, there's no Sleep nor Weariness
 To break thy Servants Peace,
 Nor envious Thoughts, nor slanderous Tongues,
 Their Troubles to encrease.

C

There

There, there's no fault, but all is free,
 There Day lives without Night,
 There Men and Angels live by Love,
 And in thy lovely Light.

I come, I come, my God, to thee,
 Thanks, Lord, to thee I come,
 My wearied, starved, prodigal, Soul,
 Come, Soul, come gladly home.

World, take thy Husks and give thy Swine,
 I am for better Bread,
 For all my Father's Children be
 With Heavenly Manna fed.

Now Flesh leave tempting of me now
 To doat on any Thing;
 They that thy Feasts do value much
 They know not Christ the King.

Too long, too long, my simple Soul,
 A Bondslave thou hast been;
 This Day I join thee to thy God,
 And thee Devorce from Sin.

My dearest Lord, and my poor Soul,
 For ever, ever Love,
 According to his Cov'nant Seal
 In this World and above.

Hymn VIII. *Another for the Sabbath or Lord's Day.*

MY Lord, my Love, was Crucified,
 He all the Pains did bear,
 But in the sweetness of his Rest
 He makes his Servants share.

How sweetly rest thy Saints above,
Which in thy Bosom lye;
Thy Church below doth rest in hope
Of that Felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy Sheep
Mak'st them a weekly Feast;
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds
Upon this Day of Rest.

Welcome and dear unto my Soul
Are these sweet Feasts of Love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above?

I bless thy Wife and Wondrous Love
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snares
That we may come to thee.

I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the Way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

This Market-day doth Saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

O Day of Wonders! Mercies Pawn,
The weary Soul's Recruit,
The Christian's *Goshen*, Heaven's Dawn,
The End of endless Fruit.

Hymn. IX. as Psalm 100.

THOU spreadst a weekly Table, Lord,
 Where Souls may banquet on thy Word;
 Whilst Means in Plenty we enjoy,
 Let not our Souls be parcht and dry.

We wait here at *Eetbesda's* Pool,
 Those Waters which refresh and cool,
 We wait whose Souls are scorcht with Sin,
 O come, Dear Saviour, help us in.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
 Be thou amongst us on thy Day,
 That Sinners may observe thy Call,
 And numerous Converts to thee fall;

That those who do thy Footsteps trace
 May find all Sweetness in thy Grace;
 O may they never more complain
 That they have sought their God in vain.

Thy People at thy Footstool lye,
 Behold us with a gracious Eye;
 O let our Souls with Jesus meet,
 Our Fellowship with him be Sweet.

Among thy People here am I,
 Lord, let me not be passed by;
 Let this poor Soul with Triumph say,
 I've seen my dearest Lord to Day.

I sit within thy Temple Shade,
 O let thy Presence make me glad;
 Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
 Thy Love alone can satisfie.

Hymn X. For Communion with God.

A Las! My God, that we should be
Such Strangers to each other:
O that as Friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together!

Thou know'st my Soul does dearly love
The Place of thine abode;
No Musick gives so sweet a Sound
As these Two VVords, my God.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
VVithin these Gardens here;
I find no Sweetness in the Rose
VVhen Jesus is not near.

Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,
Can make a Paradise;
Ah! what are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of Price!

May I taste that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me!

Like *Enoch* let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my Day,
Attended with the heav'nly Guards
Upon my King's Highway.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
O come, my Lord, most Dear!
Come near, come nearer, nearer still;
I'm well when thou art near.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
I languish for thy Sight;

Ten Thousand Suns, if thou art strange,
Are Shades instead of Light.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
For till thou dost appear
I count each Moment for a Day,
Each Minute for a Year.

Come, Lord, and never from me go ;
This World's a darksome Place ;
I find no pleasure here below
When thou dost veil thy Face.

There's no such thing as Pleasure here,
My Jesus is my All ;
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My Pleasures rise or fall.

Come, spread thy Favour on my Frame,
No Sweetness is so sweet ;
Till I get up to Praise thy Name,
Where all thy Singers meet.

Hymn XI. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

TO Day the Lord of Hosts invites
Unto a costly Feast ;
O what a Privilege is this
To be th' Almighty's Guest !

I am invited, I must go,
Lord, help me to prepare,
That so I may be welcome, and
Partake of Childrens Fare.

All they that sit down with him must
Be decked with his Grace ;
He smiles on such Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

But who and what am I? O Lord!

Unholy and unmeet,
To come within thy Doors, or to
Wath thy Disciples Feet.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence;
The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord!
Which ever load my Mind;
Thy Son did die for such as I,
That I might Mercy find.

Worldly Distractions stay behind,
Below the Mount abide;
Be no Disturbance to my Mind,
Nor make my Saviour Chide.

Let nothing that is not Divine
Within thy Presence move,
Whate'er would cause thee not to shine,
In Tokens of thy Love.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit
Send out thy Spirit to Breathe
Upon my Soul, to summon forth
My Graces from beneath.

Awake Repentance, Faith and Love,
Awake, O every Grace!
Come, come attend this Glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
Persuade me to believe.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me ;
O cause thy Face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for thee !

O let our Entertainment now
Be so exceeding Sweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet !

Hymn XII. *Against Unbelief.* W p 6

A Soul that's burden'd with the VWeight
Of Sin that on him lyes,
Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask
For whom that Saviour dies.

Surely for Sinners, such as I,
That precious Blood was spilt ;
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And wash away your Guilt !

Christ calls, arise, and do not fear,
Tho' thou wast Satan's Slave ;
Let this thy drooping Spirit chear,
His Errand was to save.

Christ did appear to *Magdalen*,
VWhen blinded with her Tears,
To lead on others to believe,
And cast away their Fears.

My Sins are grown so high that they
Deserve a second Flood ;
Behold the Deluge, Christ is come
To drown them in his Blood.

My VWork is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply,

VWhen

When Faith takes out the Fiery Sting
That Sinner shall not die.

Lord, give me this believing Heart,
Advance it more and more,
Rebuke these Doubts and Scruples that
Are crouding at my Door.

Lord, Satan says my Sins are high
And spread before thy Face,
Vast heights indeed, but what are these
Unto the heights of Grace?

Hymn XIII. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's
Supper.*

O Praise the Lord, Praise him, Praise him,
Sing Praises to his Name ;
O all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth
Extol and Laud the same.

Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all,
And made him drink the Cup of Wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

Frail Nature thrunk, and did request
That bitter Cup might pass,
But he must drink it off, and this
The Father's Pleasure was.

Lo then I come to do thy Will
His Blessed Son reply'd,
Yielding himself to God and Man,
He stretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

He dy'd indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on High,

That

That we poor Sinners lost and dead
Might live eternally.

Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell
Doth Vengeance vex and tear ?

Were it not for a dying Christ
Our Dwelling had been there.

His Blood was shed instead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear,
He took our Sin, gave us himself,
What an Exchange is here ?

Whatever is not Hell it self
For me it is too good :
But must we eat the Flesh of Christ,
And must we drink his Blood ?

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,
His Blood is Drink Divine,
His Graces drop like Honey-falls,
His Comforts taste like Wine.

Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls
With thine abundant Grace,
For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to see thy Face.

When shall our Souls mount up to thee,
Most Holy, Just, and True,
To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,
Which is for ever new ?

Hymn XIV. *The Sinner's Admiration of Divine
Mercy, as Psalm 148.*

WHO can this Love express?
His Mercy ne'er decays;

What

What can my Soul do less
Than love him all my Days ?

Bless God, my Soul,
Ev'n unto Death,
Offering Praise
With every Breath.

My Sins were very high,
This Soul almost in Hell,
Yet Jesus then drew nigh,
And caught me as I fell.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
Inflamed Love
In every Breath.

Dejected Souls may not
Acceptance with him fear,
No Sigh was e'er forgot,
He Bottles every Tear.

Do not despair,
Because you see
How kind the Lord
Has been to me.

Here, Lord, will I admire
The Wonders of thy Grace,
Till thou shalt call me higher,
There to behold thy Face.

O heigh of Grace !
O depth of Love !
Now fit me for
Thy Joys above.

To Praise Redeeming Love
My Soul doth now rejoice ;

Come thou assisting Dove,
Thou know'st it is my Choice.

My Heart so low,
Lord, thou canst raise,
Blest Spirit blow,
And I shall Praise.

Glory to God on high,
And Peace to Men below,
Now Christ in Grace is nigh
His Spirit to bestow.

All Glory then
To th' Father, to
The Son also
And Spirit. *Amen.*

Hymn XV. *The Conflict.*

O What a War is in my Soul,
Which fain would be devout?
Exceeding weary of this Fight,
But dare not yet give out.

The Flesh and Spirit both contend
For this weak Soul of mine,
That oft I know not what to do,
But, Lord, I would be thine.

I would believe, but unbelief
Prevails the other Way,
And I have constant Cause of Grief,
A longer Night than Day.

I cry to God, these Cries declare
Whose Part my Soul does take,
Accept my poor Desires whilst I
Do this Resistance make.

The

Divine Hymns.

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The Law of Sin Grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one Room,
My Soul expects perpetual War
Till I am sent for home.

Altho' these Combates make me fear,
They shall not cast me down,
God will give Grace to hold out here,
And Glory for my Crown.

My restless Soul shall ne'er give o'er
Until thy Bowels move;
I'll not be driv'n, Lord, from thy Door
Till thou shalt say I Love.

Hymn XVI. *A Song of Praise for the Hope
of Glory.*

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears,
Alas! How can I sing?
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Distun'd in every String.

My Musick is a Captive's Chain,
Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet *Sion's* Song
On this side *Sion's* Hill?

Yet lo I hear a joyful sound,
Surely I quickly come,
Each Word much sweetness doth distil
Like a full Honey-comb.

And dost thou come, my dearest Lord?
And dost thou surely come?
And dost thou surely quickly come?
Methinks I am at Home.

Come,

Come then, my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest Friend;
Come, for I loath these *Kedar* Tents,
Thy Fiery Chariot send.

What have I here? My Thoughts and Joys
Are all pack'd up and gone,
My eager Soul would follow them
To thine Eternal Throne.

What have I in this Barren Land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine Eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n
To get a Place for me;
For 'tis his Will that where he is
There should his Servants be.

Canaan I view from *Pisgah's* Top;
Of *Canaan's* Grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this World
Will Crown me in the next.

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God
Into another Room;
Thou who hast long walk'd with him here,
Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a Believing Eye,
It hath an Angel's Face;
And this kind Angel will prefer
Thee to an Angel's Place.

The Grave is but a Fining-pot
Unto Believing Eyes:
For there the Flesh shall lose its Dross,
And like the Sun shall rise.

The World, which I have lov'd so well,
Hath mock'd me with its Lies ;
How gladly could I leave behind
These vexing Vanities?

My dearest Friends all dwell above,
Them will I go to see,
And all my Friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

Fear not the Trumps, Earth's rending sound,
Dread not the Day of Doom,
For he that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

Blest be my God that gives me Light,
VWho in the Dark did grope ;
Blest be my God, the God of Love,
VWho causeth me to hope.

Here's the VWord, Signet, Comfort's Staff,
And here is Grace's Chain;
By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know
My Hopes are not in vain.

Hymn XVII. Psalm as 148. *God's Mercy the
Ground of Man's Praise.*

Part I.

O Celebrate the Lord,
And with a grateful Mind
His Benefits Record,
He's ever good and kind.

His

His Glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the Lines
Of Time and Place.

II.

O let his *Israel*
His Glories bright display,
This, this becomes them well,
To Praise their God, and say,
His Glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the Lines
Of Time and Place.

III.

A Song of Praise prepare,
This Work belongs to you,
Of *Aaron's* House that are,
And God's Domesticks too,
His Glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the Lines
Of Time and Place.

IV.

All ye that fear the Lord,
All that his Laws obey,
Praise him with one accord,
Extol his Name, and say,
His Glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the Lines
Of Time and Place.

Part

The
With

Part II. Praise for Protection.

I.

O That I may Record
The Kindness I have felt !
I did call on the Lord
When my sad Heart did melt
With Anxious Fear,
To my Request,
When thus address'd,
He bow'd his Ear.

II.

How soon my Fear was fled ?
He having heard my Voice
Me out of Trouble led
Into a Paradise,
There I enjoy,
By him discharg'd,
By him enlarg'd,
Sweet Liberty.

III.

The Mighty Lord of Hosts
As Chief is on my side,
I'll not regard their Boasts
Who do my Trust deride ;
When God's my Friend,
Alas ! How can
Poor feeble Man
With me contend ?

IV.

The Lord doth take my part
With those that for me Fight,

D

My

My Foes shall backward start,
 All vanquish't by his Might ;
 In God to trust
 Is better than
 In Mortal Men,
 Who are but Dust.

V.

Tho' Princes great in Might
 Great Armies do Command,
 They safety seek by Flight,
 And fall by a strong Hand ;
 In God to trust
 Is better than
 In Mighty Men,
 That are but Dust.

VI.

To th' Father and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, now be
 All Glory unto One
 True God, and Persons Three,
 As 'twas; for when
 Times Measure ends,
 His Praise transcends
 All Time. *Amen.*

VII.

Glory to God on High,
 And Peace to Men below ;
 Now God in Grace is nigh
 All Blessings to bestow.
 All Glory then
 To th' Father, to
 The Son also,
 And Sp'rit. *Amen.*

Hymn XVIII. As Psalm 33.

Justice and Judgment he doth love,
His Goodness fills all Coasts ;
God by his VVord made Heaven above,
By's Spirit form'd all their Hosts.

The Seas he in their Channels keeps,
Their Heaps the Bellows curl'd,
In Store-houses he lay the Deeps,
O fear him all the VVorld.

In awe of him let all Men stand
That dwell from Sun to Sun ;
His VVorks confirm his high Command,
He spake and it was done.

The Counfel which the Heathen take
The Lord doth bring to nought,
And Mens Devices vain doth make,
They no Effect have wrought.

The Counfel of the Lord stands sure,
And so for ever shall ;
Th' Intentions of his Heart indure
To Generations all.

That Nation's bless'd whose God's the Lord ;
That People's bless'd whom he
Hath chosen of his own accord
His Heritage to be.

Hymn XIX. Psalm 2.

WH Y do the Heathen rage and fret
Till vain Inventions tire ?
The Kings on Earth themselves do set,
And Rulers do conspire.

D 2

His

His gentle Government they count
Their Yoke, his Laws their Chain ;
Freedom they'll have without controul,
No Bands shall them restrain.

But God above will scorn their Rage,
Their vain Attempts deride ;
His Power shall vex them, and his Wrath
Vex their defeated Pride.

Then shall his Voice in Thunder ring,
His Wrath on them shall fall ;
His Fury thus incens'd shall bring
Vexation on them all.

For all their Spite I've set my King
Securely on his Throne ;
And, what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

This is the Birth-day of thy Rule,
Thy Sceptre I'll advance
O'er all the Earth ; the Gentiles give
For thine Inheritance.

And thou shalt break their Power and Strength
As with an Iron Rod :
As Possherds vile shall they at length
Under thy Foot be trod.

Be wise, now therefore all ye Kings,
Ye Judges of the Land,
Be ye instructed in the things
Ye ought to understand.

Serve ye the Lord with Holy Fear,
With trembling Awe rejoice ;
O kiss the Sun lest that ye hear
His angry threatning Voice ;

So should you Perish from the Way,
His Anger thus exprest,
When's Wrath is kindled once, O they
That trust in him are blest!

Hymn XX. *Mr. J G's Hymn for the Sacrament.*

Rouze up you dearly purchas'd Souls,
To praise the Lord above;
And with Affections true and large
Speak of his Grace and Love.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By one consenting Will,
Declar'd for Ransoming lost Souls
That Christ his Blood should spill.

All with Provision in the Way
Unto the Holy Land,
They are prepar'd by our Dear Lord,
And brought us by his Hand.

How sweet it is to Banquet here
Let feasted Souls declare,
How good to feed at such a Feast
Where such rich Dainties are.

But what we do enjoy on Earth
Are but the Crumbs that fall;
When Christ shall take us to himself,
We shall enjoy our All.

How long, Dear Lord? How long wilt thou
Delay to take us up?
Our absent Souls do wait in pain
With thee above to Sup.

The Heav'ns a blessed Song shall Sing
 To Angels God and ours,
 When all the Saints shall enter in
 With most enlarged Powers:

Hymn XXI. *For the Sacrament.*

CHRIST did contract with God,
 Before the World began,
 To save from Sin, from Hell and Death,
 In Time distressed Man.

God's Justice was most strict,
 The Debt must be paid down;
 But Man by Sin God's Image lost,
 Which was his Strength and Chrown.

Take up the Sword and slay
 This Enemy of mine,
 Did Justice say when 'twas inrag'd,
 But Christ step up in time.

O Justice stop thy Hand,
 Our Saviour kindly spake,
 And if thou must have Recompence,
 Man's Debt I'll undertake.

Come, sheath thy Sword in me,
 Let Man not be undone;
 For now to suffer in his room
 A Man I will become.

And what thou dost demand
 I'll fully satisfy;
 If nothing else will purchase Life
 I am content to die.

Ye Angels of the Lord,
Ye Saints that are above,
And all Redeemed Souls on Earth,
Praise ye this God of Love.

XXII. *Sacramental Hymns.*

LET those Life-breathing Lips of thine
Be join'd, O Christ, to me!
Because thy Love excelleth Wine,
And all thy Saints love thee.

With Flaggons of refreshing Joy,
And Comforts from above,
Stay me, O stay me powerfully,
For I am sick of Love?

Beneath his Shadow I was plac'd
With very great Content;
His Fruit was sweet unto my Taste,
(His Word and Sacrament.)

O draw me! My dear Saviour,
With those strong Cords of Love,
And then shall we go after thee
As fast as we can move.

Herein is Love, not ours to God,
But his to us most large,
In sending down his only Son
Our great Debts to discharge.

He sav'd us from the Wrath to come
At that most dreadful Day,
And was so good to shed his Blood
To wash our Sins away.

Even Jesus Christ, who sav'd us all
 From Storms of future Wrath;
 Whose Love to wash our Sins away
 Made his own Blood the Bath.

To him that on the Throne sits down,
 And Christ the Lamb, therefore
 Be Blessing, Glory, and Renown,
 And Power, for evermore.

Another.

Hosanna to King *David's* Son,
 Hosanna to the Christ,
 That in the Almighty's Name doth come
 Hosanna in the high'st.

For thou wast slain, and art alive,
 Redeeming us to God,
 From every Nation, Kingdom, Tongue,
 By thy most precious Blood.

Corruptive things as Silver is
 And Gold Redeem'd us not;
 But the Dear Blood of Christ our Lord,
 A Lamb without a Spot.

My Saviour Dear, my Belov'd One,
 Is mine, and I am his:
 Chief of Ten Thousand, he's alone
 My highest Joy and Bliss.

Made Sin for us that knew no Sin,
 That so we might be made
 The Righteousness of God in him,
 By whom the Price was paid.

And being thus made free from Sin,
 God's Service to attend,

The

The Fruit to Holiness shall be,
Eternal Life the End.

By his own VVill and VVord hath he
VVrought our Regeneration;
A kind of first ripe Fruits to be
Of all the whole Creation.

Now to the True Eternal King,
Not seen with Mortal Eye,
Th' Immortal, only Wise, True, God
Be praise perpetually.

Hymn XXIII. As Psalm 100.

THE Lord does Reign, and like a King
Puts on his Robes of Glorious Light;
Tremble thou Earth when he appears
Cloathed and girt about with Might.

Under his Rule th' unquiet VVorld
VVill gain Stability and Peace;
Of old his Empire did begin,
And, like himself, can never cease.

In vain the VVorld's Rebellious Powers
In Tumults and Commotions rise,
Like troubled VVaters of the Sea
That bid defiance to the Skies.

Resist not his unequal Strength,
That's far above your threatening Noise;
For ev'n the Seas unruly VVaves
Do calmly listen to his Voice.

Lord, as thy Power can never fail,
So all thy Promises are sure;

'Tis

'Tis thy Perfection to be True,
And those that serve thee to be Pure.

Hymn XXIV. As Psalm 148.

YE Servants of the Lord,
1. That Heaven and Earth did frame,
Who on his Service wait,
Praise ye his Glorious Name.

His Goodness doth
To this invite,
His Praise will give
The best Delight.

In him all Glories meet,
His Greatness knows no bound;
2. VVhat other Gods do claim
In him is only found;

VVho as at first
He all things made,
Still Rules o'er all,
By all obey'd.

All things in Heaven above,
3. Are subject to his VVill;
The Earth and Seas below
His Pleasure do fulfil.

At his Command
From the VVorlds End
Thick Vapours come,
The Clouds ascend.

Lightnings from thence burst out,
And Rains are fast pour'd down;
4. He brings his boist'rous VVinds
From Treasuries unknown.

Thy

Thy Name and thy
Memorial
For ever Lord
Continue shall.

Hymn XXV. *As Psalm 148.*

GIVE Thanks unto the Lord,
That is so kind and good,
5. Whose Mercies firmly last,
As they have ever stood.
To this Great King
All things do bow,
Angels above,
And Pow'rs below.

His Works our wonder raise ;
The Heav'ns his Wisdom made ;
6. And he the out-stretch'd Earth
Above the Waters laid.
He made the Sun,
The Day's Great Light,
The Moon and Stars
To rule the Night.

Egypt's First-born he smote,
And by his Pow'rful Hand
7. He brake off *Israel's* Yoke,
And brought them from that Land:
His Mercies shown
To Ages past
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

The parted Sea made way
For *Israel* to pass ;

8. There the pursuing Host
Of *Pharaoh* drowned was.

His People through
The Desert led
By Miracles
Were daily fed.

Kings that oppos'd their Way,
Sihon and *Og* he smote,

9. And made their fruitful Land
Fall to his People's Lot.

His Mercies shewn
To Ages past
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

Hymn XXVI. As Psalm 119. in its proper Tune.

Bleft is the Man, whose blameless Life
The Law of God directs ;
Who keeps his Precepts, and whose Heart
To serve the Lord affects.

They never wilfully transgress
Who to these Paths repair ;
Thou, Lord, hast charged us to keep
All thy Commands with Care.

Oh, by thy Grace so guide my Ways
Never from thine to swerve ;
Nothing shall shame my Confidence
Whilst I thy Laws observe.

I'll praise thee better when I'm more
Instructed in thy Fear;
To serve thee I resolve, O give
Me Grace to persevere.

But how shall Youth, so prone to Vice,
Govern their Manners, Lord?
By heedful listning to the Wise
Directions of thy Word.

Sincerely I have begg'd thy Grace,
O keep me close to thee:
I've treasur'd up thy Word, that I
Might not a Sinner be.

I've chose thy Truths to be my Guide,
Thy Law my Rule have made:
I'll run the Way of thy Commands
Since thou hast made me glad.

Lord, give me a discerning Mind,
And Knowledge of thy Will,
Then what thy Sacred Law enjoins
I'll heartily fulfil.

Incline my Heart to thy Commands
Whilst others Riches prize;
From the vain Pleasures of the World,
Lord, turn away mine Eyes.

Thou art my Portion, and thy Word
I count to be most dear;
Thy promis'd Mercy and thy Love
Before this World prefer.

My former Wand'rings I review'd,
And then without delay

Resolv'd to change my Course, and turn
Into thy safer Way.

Thy Hands have made and fashion'd me,
With Wisdom me endew,
And by the Knowledge of thy Laws,
Lord, form my Soul anew.

I know thy Judgments Righteous are,
And all my Troubles just;
Lord, let thy Mercy comfort me,
For in thy Word I trust.

For ever, like the Heavens, Lord,
Thy Word is settled fast;
As firmly as the Earth thy Truth
Does to all Ages last.

These all in their appointed Course
Continue to this Day;
And all like ready Servants stand,
Thine Orders to obey.

Had not thy Truth been my Support,
Thy Law been my Delight,
Under the Pressure of my Woes
I'd Sunk and Perisht quite.

Of all Perfection here below
I soon discern an end;
But thy large Precepts to all Times
And States of Life extend:

Oh how I love thy Law! It is
My daily Exercise;
This Study makes me wiser far
Than all mine Enemies.

Honey no sweetness does afford
Like what thy Words create;

From

From thence I learn the flatt'ring Sweets
Of every Sin to hate.

Thy Word is to my Life a Guide,
Unto my Paths a Light;
I've sworn to keep thy Righteous Laws,
Which I'll perform aright.

O let thy Dealings towards me
And Mercy be the same
Thou usest to express to those
That love and fear thy Name.

Order my Goings in thy Word,
And my Director be,
Then no Iniquity shall gain
Dominion over me.

I see how Sinners break thy Laws
By bold Impieties;
This makes me sadly to lament,
And Tears o'erflow mine Eyes.

Thy Nature, Lord, and thy Commands,
Exactly do agree;
Holy, and Just, and True, thou art
And such thy Precepts be.

Thy Word from all impurer Dross
Refin'd is my Delight;
On this I Meditate before
The Watches of the Night.

Those Men are Crown'd with inward Peace
Who thy Commandments love;
And no Temptations unto Sin
To them a Scandal prove.

My Soul does all thy Precepts keep,
And Testimonies prize;

For

For all my Actions naked are
To thine All-seeing Eyes.

Like a lost Sheep I've gone astray,
But now to thee I come;
Thy Precepts I resolve t' obey,
Lord, bring thy Servant home.

Hymn XXVII. As Psalm 100.

NO T unto us, Lord, not to us,
But to thy Name the Praise we owe;
To thy free Goodness and thy Truth,
The Springs whence all our Blessings flow.

Why should the Heathen ask in Scorn,
Where is the God whom you adore?
In Heav'n he Reigns, but does on Earth
Whate'er his Will ordain'd before.

Silver and Gold their Idols are,
And all their Worth derive from thence;
With no Divinity inspir'd,
Since they are void of Life or Sense.

For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
A Mouth, or any other Part,
He cannot give them Sight or Breath,
Nor lively Motion by his Art.

Fond Men, to think your Hands can make
A God to which our Knee should bow;
You trust what cannot help it self,
Statues have Sense as much as you.

The silent Grave cannot declare
Thy Wonders, nor proclaim thy Praise;
We'll now begin that Blessed Work,
Which shall continue all our Days.

Pfalm 110, as 100.

THus spake the Lord unto his Son,
 Sit thou advanc'd at my Right Hand
 Till all thy Conquer'd Foes shall crouch,
 And wait their Doom from thy Command.

From *Sion* shall thy Word go forth,
 Which like a Sceptre thou shalt sway,
 To bring the Subborn under Rule,
 And make them willingly obey.

Thy Conquest shall be great that Day ;
 The numerous Converts thou shalt view,
 Shall make an Army that exceeds
 The Crystal Drops of Morning Dew.

The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
 By Oath, which he can never break,
 To make thee an Eternal Priest
 Of th' Order of *Melchizedeck*.

And when he's rais'd to his Throne,
 Proud Monarchs that oppose his Reign
 Shall fall, and all the wicked World;
 That will not stoop to him, be slain.

While he pursues this Work he'll stoop
 To mean Refreshments in the Way ;
 But with a Glorious Reward
 God will his Sufferings repay.

Pfalm 133, as 100.

Bless thou the Lord, my Soul, his Name
 Let all the Powers without me Bless ;

E

O

O let not his past Favours lye
Forgotten in unthankfulness.

It's he that Pardons all thy Sins,
He that in Sicknefs makes thee found ;
It's he redeemed from the Grave
Thy Life with Love and Mercy crown'd.

It's he that fills thy Mouth with good,
And all thy just Desires supplies ;
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a renewed Youth arise.

From his strict Justice sure Relief
Oppressed Innocence shall find ;
Moses and *Israel* knew his Ways,
And th' Inclinations of his Mind.

Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his Nature and Delight ;
Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he Chides,
Intends not to destroy us quite.

Man's Days are like the Grass or Flow'r
That in the Field its Beauty shews ;
But fades with ev'ry blasting Wind,
And then its former Place none knows.

But God's Eternal Truth and Love
Is to good Men, and to their Race :
Those that his Laws and Cov'nant keep
His Favour ever will Embrace.

Circled with Glorious Light, his Throne
The Lord has plac'd in Heav'n above,
Whose Mighty Pow'r and Sov'reign Rule
Extends o'er all that live and move.

Bless God ye Angels who in Strength
And ready Services transcend ;

Bless him ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all to do his Will attend.

Let all his Works through all the World
To Praise the Glorious Lord accord ;
And, O my Soul, bear thou thy Part,
And ever Bless and Praise the Lord.

Psalm 104, as the 100.

MY Soul for ever Bless the Lord,
To this his Greatness does invite ;
Honour and Majesty's his Robe,
His Beauteous Vesture's splendid Light.

He has a Tent the Heav'n extends,
Whose Rooms on Liquid Waters stay ;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
With their Wing'd Wheels mete out his Way.

Angels as swift as Air, as bright
As Flames, with quick Obedience move,
To publish and effect below
His Pleasure giv'n in Charge above.

The Earth's Foundations are unknown,
No Pillars rais'd its weight to bear,
And yet no Pow'r can make it move,
Tho' it hangs loose in fluid Air.

Part II.

He from the Hills through Secret Veins
Causes the Crystal Springs to burst ;
They glide through Valleys, where the Beasts
And the wild Asses quench their Thirst.

There Birds are taught with curious Art
Their Nests in shady Boughs to raise,

And by their chearful Notes reprove
Our Silence in our Maker's Praise.

Nor can the higher Grounds, which gape
For Thirst, complain that they're forgot;
Clouds big with Show'rs on them distil,
And Water ev'ry barren Plat.

Great God, how various are thy Works,
Created all with wond'rous Still?
Thy Blessings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
And the Seas spacious Bosom fill.

If God but in Displeasure Frown
The whole Creation needs must Mourn;
If he withholds his Breath or theirs
They die, and to their Dust return.

The great Employment of my Life
Shall be to Praise the Mighty Lord;
To think upon his Love and Works
The sweetest Pleasure will afford.

Psalm 95. Dr. W.

Come, let us with united Joys
To God our Voices raise,
With thankful Hearts before him come,
And loudly sing his Praise.

Our Lord is a Great God and King,
In Powers Eminent
Above all Gods, him Angels serve,
And Princes represent.

The Secrets of the Earth, and Strength
Of Hills, are in his Hand;
He made the Waters of the Sea,
And for their Bounds dry Land.

To

To him that made us let us kneel,
And Adorations give,
Who are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Pastures live.

To Day let's hear his Voice, and not
Such hard'ned Sinners prove,
As those that in the Wilderness
Provoked God above.

They prov'd his Pow'r, and saw his Works,
And griev'd him Forty Year,
Till wearied with that Murm'ring Race
He could no longer bear.

He did their Unbelief and base
Ingratitude detest,
And in his Anger sware they should
Not come into his Rest.

Coll. Psalm 17, as 25.

MY Soul on God relies,
Let none Disgrace my Trust;
Lord, hear and save me when I call,
As thou art Good and Just.

Be thou my sure Defence,
Whereto I may resort:
Make good thy Gracious Promise, Lord,
Be thou my Rock and Fort.

Lord, when my Strength decays,
And when my Years decline,
Do not forsake, or cast me off,
But own me still as Thine.

To no Supports I'll fly,
But to thy Strength Divine;

No other Goodness shall be nam'd,
 Or Faithfulness but thine.
 These from my Youth I've learnt,
 And hitherto declar'd
 Thy Wond'rous Works, forsake me not
 Now when I am Grey-hair'd.

Thou shalt again revive,
 My Soul, with Grief deprest ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt raise my low Estate,
 Comfort, and give me Rest.
 My chearful Tongue and Lips
 Shall loudly bear a Part
 In Praising thee, when Tun'd and Rais'd
 By a most thankful Heart.

This shall be my great Work
 To Celebrate thy Fame,
 Who'll me Redeem, and bring also
 My Enemies to shame.

Psalm 63.

EArly, O Lord, my fainting Soul
 Thy Mercy does implore ;
 No Traveller in Desert Land
 Can thirst for Waters more.
 I long t'appear as I was wont
 Within thy Holy Place,
 Thy Power and Glory to behold,
 And to obtain thy Grace.
 For Life it self without thy Love
 No Relish does afford ;
 No other Joys can equal this,
 To Serve and Praise the Lord.

I'll therefore make my Pray'rs to thee,
And Bless thee whilst I live;
This, like the choicest Dainties, will
Both Food and Pleasure give.

When others sleep, my wakeful Thoughts
Present thee to my Mind,
And in the Night I think how good
My God has been, and kind.
Since thou alone hast been my Help,
To thee alone I fly,
And on thy watchful Providence
With chearfulness rely.

Dangers whilst thou art near to me
Do threaten me in vain;
When I keep close to God, his Care
And Pow'r will me sustain.

Psalms 65. as 100.

PRaises in *Sion* wait for thee,
And there the Vow perform'd shall be;
To thee, O God, that hearest Pray'r
All Flesh shall chearfully repair.

Our Sins may justly put a stop
To all that good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy does those Fears allay,
For this will purge our Sins away.

O happy they that may draw near
To thee, and in thy Courts appear,
For these shall all Refreshments have
Thy House can give, or they can crave.

By thy amazing Wonders thou
Thy Kindness to the good dost shew;

The Ends of th' Earth in thee confide,
And th' Isles that in the Sea reside.

Thy Care prevents a threatening Death,
Thou Visitest the thirsty Earth;
Show'rs to enrich her barren Womb
From thy full Springs above do come.

The Wilderneys refresh'd with Rain,
Tho' Parcht before, now Springs again;
The little Hills new Garments wear,
And in their Youthful Green appear.

Flocks are the Cloathing of the Plains,
The Vails are cover'd o'er with Grains,
All Nature seems to Shout and Sing,
To welcome in the hopeful Spring.

Psalm 51.

BEhold, O Lord, my sinful Soul
To thee for Mercy flies;
Thy Mercy boundless is, blot out
All mine Iniquities.

Oh! wash away my Crimes, for thou
Alone canst make me clean:
I now confess my Guilt, amaz'd
To see how vile I've been.

I was Conceived and Born in Sin,
So prone to do amiss;
But Purity and Truth of Heart
To thee most pleasing is.

Shew thou art reconcil'd as these,
VVhom Hyssop sprinkles know;

They

They are absolv'd, thy Grace can wash
And make me white as Snow.

My Sins have forfeited the Joys
And Peace that once I had,
Thy Voice would heal my broken Bones,
Thy Pardon make me glad.

Create in me, O Lord, a Heart
Unspotted in thy Sight,
Renew in me a Mind unmov'd
From Goodness, and upright.

Lord, do not cast me from thy Sight
As one thou canst not Love ;
Nor let thy Spirit, tho' griev'd so much,
Its Grace from me remove.

My open'd Lips shall Sing thy Praise,
For this thou dost desire,
Rather than Sacrifice of Beasts
Consumed in the Fire.

Thou dost a broken contrite Heart
More than all Off'rings prize,
This Present now I humbly bring,
VWhich God will not despise.

Psalm 42, and part of 43, as 100.

O God, the Spring of all my Joys,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
No chafed Hart does pant so much
After the cooling VWater-brook.

Less Grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own House, than, Lord, from thine ;
O how I wish t'approach that Place
VWhere all thy Glories use to shine.

Why

Why should I cherish these sad Thoughts
 Whence nought but Perturbation flows?
 Since they procure not what I wish
 Why should they hinder my repose?
 I've learnt this Remedy at last,
 To keep my Passions calm and still;
 I'm nearer Help by Hope in God,
 And Resignation to his Will.

43.

Thou Righteous Judge of all the World,
 Be thou my Gracious Advocate,
 And clear mine Innocence from those
 Whose Craft is equal to their Hate.
 Thy Mercy and thy Truth display,
 That by the Conduct of thy Light
 Thy Courts I may attain, and there
 May have of thee a fuller sight.
 T'approach thy Presence would revive
 My Spir't, and all my Gladness raise,
 Where I thy Goodness would proclaim
 With Soul-inlargements in thy Praise.

Psalm 39. as 100. for a Funeral.

LORD, teach me when my Latter End,
 And number of thy Days I view,
 To measure right my self and them,
 How I am frail, and they are few.
 My Days extent is but a Span,
 Mine Age is nothing unto thee;
 Man in his flourishing Estate
 Is altogether Vanity.

A Shadow's all that he pursues,
But his Vexations real are;
He heaps up Wealth, and knows not who
Shall reap the Profit of his Care.

Let others foolishly expect
How kind this Flatt'ring World will prove,
I'll seek my God alone to please,
And be ambitious of his Love.

How Weak and Nothing we appear
When God for Sin doth Man Chastise!
Like Garments fretted by the Moth
So all his Beauty ruin'd lyes.

My poor Petitions, Lord, regard,
And to my mournful Cry give ear;
A Wand'ring Stranger here on Earth
I am, as all my Fathers were.

Lord, my decaying Strength repair,
And spare me yet a while, that I
May make my Peace with thee before
I go away from hence and die.

Psalm 27. *as* 119.

TO my Petitions, Lord, return
An Answer full of Grace;
Thy Face thou badst me seek, and I
Resolve to seek thy Face.

Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thy Face, nor me reject;
Those Succours I have had before
From thee I still expect.

My Parents Love is not so great
As thine, nor Care so large;
When they forsake me, I become
Still more thy Care and Charge.

Lord,

Lord, let me plainly see the Way
 Where I may safely tread,
 Avoiding all the cunning Snares
 Mine Enemies have laid.

How wretched had I been when I
 With Troubles was oppress'd,
 Had I not hop'd thy Mercy would
 Secure my Peace and Rest!

Wait still on God, my Soul, from him
 Courage and Strength derive;
 Tho' he delay, he will at length
 Thy fainting Heart revive.

Psalm 25, in its proper Tune.

TO God I make my Pray'r,
 In him my Trust repose;
 O let me not become a Scorn
 Or Triumph to my Foes.

Let no Events deject
 Their Souls that wait on thee,
 Let Disappointments shame their Hopes
 That deal perfidiously.

The Ways thou, Lord, dost chuse
 Make me to know aright,
 And teach me always to perform
 What's pleasing in thy Sight.

From the streight Paths of Truth
 Ne'er let me go astray;
 From thee, my Saviour, I beg
 Direction every Day.

Lord, call to mind that Love
 Thou didst of old express;

How

How thou hast Graciously reliev'd
Thy Servants in Distress.

Into my Youthful Sins
No strict Enquiry make ;
Those early Faults, O Lord, forgive
For thine own Goodness sake.

Part II.

God, who is Good and Just,
Will Erring Souls instruct ;
Their Wand'ring Steps he will to Paths
Of Holiness conduct.

The Humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the Meek his Way ;
Kindness and Truth express to such
As his Just Laws Obey.

Incourag'd by thy Grace
For Mercy I intreat ;
Pardon my Sins, O Lord, that are
Both Numerous and Great.

Who is that happy Man
That fears the Lord above ?
He'll ever lead him in the Ways
That he himself doth love.

Possess'd with quiet Thoughts,
His Soul shall dwell at ease ;
His Seed shall after him enjoy
Prosperity and Peace.

The Secrets of his Love
God will made known to those
That fear him, and the Blessings he
Reserves to them disclose.

Part

Part III.

In all my Troubles, Lord,
 Mine Eyes are towards thee ;
 I hope thy Goodness at the last
 From all will set me free.

Lord, turn a Gracious Eye
 To me, and Mercy show ;
 Great are th' Afflictions I endure,
 And find no help below.

My Troubles are enlarg'd,
 Lord, send me quick Relief ;
 Grant me Forgiveness of my Sins,
 And then remove my Grief.

Preserve and keep my Soul
 From Shame as well as Guilt ;
 O never disappoint the Hopes
 That I on thee have built.

Let my try'd Innocence
 Find sure Supports from thee ;
 At length thy Chosen People, Lord,
 From all their Troubles free.

Psalm 46.

TH' Almighty Lord is our Defence,
 The Strength whereby we stand ;
 When Troubles their Approaches make
 His Help is nigh at Hand.

Our Faith may there remain unmov'd,
 Tho' th' Earth should be displac'd ;
 Or tho' into the Sea's vast Gulph
 The Mountains should be cast.

Although

Divine Hymns.

71

Although the Ocean's troubled Waves
A frightful Noise should make,
Should rise and swell above the Clouds,
And cause the Hills to shake,

There is a quiet Stream makes glad
The City of the Lord ;
His Presence will secure her Peace,
And timely Help afford.

The Nations Rage, and Threaten War,
But God is on our Side :
One Word of his dissolves their Force,
And daunts their swelling Pride.

See what his Hand hath done ; it draws
The Sword out of its Sheath ;
And while he gives it leave, Triumphs
In Slaughter and in Death.

Then by another VWord he makes
Destructive VVars to cease ;
He breaks their Arms, the Bow and Spear,
And crowns the Earth with Peace.

Cease then fond Men to strive with God,
VWhose Pow'r is over all,
For fear lest he exalt himself
In your unpitied Fall.

Psalm 23. as the 100.

GOD is my Shepherd, who will see
That all my VVants be still supply'd ;
I shall not be expos'd to Wrong,
Nor left to stray without a Guide.

The

The Pastures they are fresh and green,
 Where I have Ease and sweet Repast ;
 The Streams are cool and quiet, where
 I quench my Thirst, and please my Taste.
 His Comforts which revive my Soul,
 Life's tedious Journey pleasant make ;
 And in the peaceful Ways of Grace
 He leads me for his Goodness sake.
 Tho' I should walk where black Despair
 And Sorrow casts a dismal Shade,
 Thy Power and thy tender Care
 Would chase my Fears, and make me glad.
 Thou spread'st my Table, where my Foes
 Behold thy Bounty, and repine
 To see rich Oils anoint my Head,
 And see my Cup o'erflow with Wine.
 Surely the Goodness of the Lord
 Shall still surround me all my Days :
 I will frequent thy House, and there
 Display thy Love and sing thy Praise.

Psalm 9, as the 100.

With all my Soul I'll bless the Lord,
 And all his Mighty Works proclaim :
 Gladness and Joy shall fill my Heart,
 Whilst I sing Praises to his Name.
 Th' Eternal God, from Change secure,
 Has plac'd his Throne in Glorious Light ;
 When he appears to judge the World
 His Sentence will be Just and Right.
 From him th' Oppress'd will find Relief,
 He'll be their Refuge in Distress ;

No

No good Man's Faith was ever sham'd,
His Pray'r ne'er wanted good success.

Arise, O Lord, and interpose
To blast the Wicked's good success,
And by thy Terrors make them feel,
They are but Men, and so confess.

Lord, I can suffer thy Rebukes
When thou dost kindly me chastise:
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let not that against me rise.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r, and those
That gap'd upon me as their Prey,
Will vex themselves at their Defeat,
And with Confusion turn away.

God will reward the Just Man's Works
As he approves the Ways they tread,
But the smooth Paths of Sinners down
To Death and to Damnation lead.

Mark but the Good and Perfect Man,
And him that's upright in his Ways,
Mercy attends his happy Life,
And quiet Peace concludes his Days.

Psalm 37, as 100.

I'VE seen the Wicked rise to Pow'r,
Flourish like Laurels fresh and green,
But suddenly their Ruin came,
And no remainder could be seen.

For God, whose Nature's Good and Just,
Those that his Image have will own,
They shall continue when the Race
Of Wicked Men are overthrown.

In all th' Experience of my Life
That Holy Man I ne'er could see,
Whose Alms expos'd himself to Want,
Or brought his Race to Beggery.

The Lord directs a good Man's Steps,
And he delighteth in his VVay ;
He is not ruin'd by his Falls,
God's Pow'r is his Support and Stay.

Think not meer Wealth makes happy Men ;
That little which contents the Poor
Is better far than wicked Mens
Ill-got or ill-employed Store.

He's wise that's always doing good,
And on God's goodness doth rely !
Thus thy Enjoyments he'll secure,
And all thy just Desires supply.

Leave thy Concerns unto his Care,
In firm Dependance on him live,
He'll either grant what thou wouldst have,
Or what he knows is better give.

Tho' Slanders and detraacting Tongues
Like Clouds thy Righteousness obscure,
He'll clear thy Innocence, the Light
At Noon shall not appear more pure.

Death, or for Funerals, Psalm 5. J. C.

DEath steals upon us unawares,
And digs our Graves unseen,
Whilst we Dispute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what hath been.

Shall I be bent on Vanity,
And Rottenness to trust,

Till Death shall lay his Hand on me,
And crumble me to Dust?

What if my Sun should set at Noon,
If Death should call to Div,
Can't thou, my Soul, go off so soon?
Hast thou no Scores to pay?

Behold my Sands how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal,
Let not my Body be undrest
Till thou hast cloath'd my Soul;

That at the Trumpet's sound I may
Spring from my dusty Bed,
Rejoicing at the Voice that calls,
Arise, come forth ye Dead.

O give me Faith and Patience, Lord,
Upon a dying Bed,
And let my Saviour then afford
Supports to Heart and Head.

Support my weak and tort'ring Faith
If Dismal Fears annoy :
My Jesus be my strong Defence,
My Jesus be my Joy.

O Holy Ghost, do thou not fail
At this time to appear,
O let thy Spir't and Faith prevail
My Evidence to clear.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust,
Now can I sweetly sleep,
My Body falling to the Dust
I leave with thee to keep.

A Song of Praise at parting of Friends. Mr. B.

L O R D, do not say I love thee not,
And thou wilt not me love,
Because thy Gospel Cov'nant Grace
Doth me so little move.

'Tis true, I love thee not enough,
Enough who can thee love?
Thou never canst be lov'd enough,
No, not in Heav'n above.

I do not love thee as I would,
Nor as they do above,
But had I Power to my Will
I'd make my self all Love.

But if indeed I love thee not,
I know not what I love;
'Tis for thy sake I love this Life,
And seek the Life above.

But how, I wonder, did I come
To prize and love thee so,
That as I love thee more or less
My Comforts come or go.

O God of Love make good thy Word
Love-thirsting Souls to fill,
In hope of Love I hither came,
In hope depart I will.

*A Song of Praise took out of the Revelation of
St. John.*

TO him that lov'd us for himself,
And dy'd to do us good,
And wash'd us from our Scarlet Sins
In his most Precious Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God,
His Father Infinite,
To him Eternal Glory be,
And Everlasting Might.

The Lamb is worthy that was slain
Of Power and Renown,
Of Wisdom, Honour, and to wear
The Royal Glorious Crown.

*Amen, Amen, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due,
And we through all Eternity
His Praises will renew.*

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power then,
Be to our God for evermore,
For evermore. *Amen.*

*A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Enemies.
Mr. M.*

O God, who dost the World command,
Thou Check'st both Wind and Waves,
The Devils which like Lions roar
Are thine chained Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are smoaking Brands;
And Idols fear'd in vain;

Thou, Lord, the true and only God,
Their Fury dost restrain.

Thou, Lord, didst smoothe fierce *Esau's* Brow,
And change his murm'ring Breath;
Thou gav'st to him a Brother's Heart,
Who vow'd his Brother's Death.

Angels do Arm at thy Command,
And Scars have shot their Dart,
Nature hath fought, and Miracles
Have took thy Churches part.

Thee, Lord, who still thy Church dost love,
All Creatures must obey;
And when for thine thou dost arise,
Their En'mies where are they?

I cry'd to Heav'n in my Distress,
And to my God did flee,
He with Compassion heard my Cry,
He did arise for me.

With humble Fear and thankful Joy,
Lord, at thy Feet I fall,
Unfeignedly acknowledging
That thou alone dost all.

Thou art all Love, thou art all Pow'r,
And so thou art to me;
Blest be my God now, and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost. Dr. H.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord,
My Spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful Voice.

I need

I need not go abroad for Joy
Who have a Feast at home ;
My Sighs are turned into Songs,
The Comforter is come.

Down from above the Blessed Dove
Is come into my Breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love ;
This is my Heavenly Feast.

This makes me *Abba* Father cry
With confidence of Soul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

There is a Stream which issues forth
From God's Eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living Stream,
Clear as the Crystal Stone.

This Stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing ;
One Cordial drop revives my Heart,
Hence all my Joys do spring.

Such Joys as are unspeakable,
And full of Glory too,
Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,
As Worldings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taste thy sweetest Love ;
My Soul doth leap ; but O for Wings,
The Wings of *Noah's Dove*!

Then should I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this World of Sin;
 Then should my Lord put forth his Hand,
 And kindly take me in.

Then should my Soul with Angels Feast
 On Joys that always last;
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
 Who gives me here a taste.

A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience. M.

MY God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace,
 Thee will I Love, and Praise, and Sing,
 Till Life and Breath shall cease.

My Thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
 'Twas like a troubled Sea;
 But what a mighty Voice is this,
 Which Winds and Waves obey?

God speaks the Word, peace and be still,
 My Sins, those Mutineers,
 With speed went off and took their flight,
 Where now are all my Fears?

The World can neither give nor take,
 Nor yet can understand
 That Peace of God which Christ hath bought,
 And gives me with his Hand.

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
 Confirm'd by his Decease,
 Ye shall have trouble in the World,
 In me ye shall have Peace.

And so it is the World doth rage,
 But Peace in me doth reign;

And

And whilst my God maintains the Fort
 Their Batt'ries are in vain.
 The Burning Bush was not consum'd
 Whilst God remained there ;
 The Three, when Christ did make the Fourth,
 Found Fire as meek as Air.
 So is my Mem'ry stuff'd with Sins
 Enough to make an Hell,
 And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd,
 For God in me doth dwell.
 Where God doth dwell sure Heav'n is there,
 And singing there must be,
 Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heav'n,
 VVhom should I sing but thee ?
 My God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace,
 Thee will I Love, and Praise, and Sing
 Till Life and Breath shall cease.

Hymn XXVIII. A Son of Praise for Pardon of Sin.

MY God a God of Pardon is,
 His Bosom gives me ease ;
 I have not, do not please my God,
 Yet Mercy him doth please.
 My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,
 But lo! a Fountain springs
 From Christ's pierced Side with louder Cries,
 And speaketh better things.
 My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,
 But Mercies height exceeds ;
 God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
 Above my sinful Deeds.

My

My Sins are many, like the Stars
Or Sands upon the Shore;
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manassah, Paul, and Magdalen,
Were pardon'd all by thee,
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For thou hast pardon'd me.

When God shall search the World for Sin
What trembling will be there?
O Rocks and Mountains cover us,
Will be the Sinner's Pray'r!

But the Lamb's VVrath they need not fear,
VVho once have felt his Love;
And they that walk with God below,
Shall dwell with God above.

Rage, Earth, and Hell come Life, come Death,
Yet still my Song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good
And merciful to me.

Hymn XXIX.

Variety of Providences, Psalm 147. Dr. W.

GIVE Laud unto the Lord,
It is a pleasant thing,
His Praises to Record,
And his sweet Songs to Sing:
VVho on a Rock
His Church erects,
And collects
His scatter'd Flock.

He heals the Heart contrite,
And binds up all their VVounds,

He

He tells the Stars of Light,
VVhose Numbers so abound;
And he can call
Each shining Flame
Of them by Name;
He knows them all.

Great is this God of ours,
Yea, most exceeding great,
His Pow'r above all Pow'rs,
And hath the Sovereign Seat;
And as his Might,
So likewise his
Pure VVisdom, is
Most Infinite.

O *Salem*, Praise the Lord,
Praise him, O *Sion-Hill*,
VVho hath thy Gates well barr'd,
And dorth thy Cities fill;
Thy Peace full great
He makes to be,
And filleth thee
VVith Flow'r of VVheat.

Thro' th' Earth his Mandates go,
His VVord most swiftly flies;
Like VVooll he giveth Snow,
His Frost as Athes lyes:
His Ice is roul'd
As Morfels, and
O who can stand
Before his Cold?

He speaks, and straight it Thaws,
He breathes, and VVater flows;

To *Israel* his Laws
(And to none else) he shows:

As for his Word
No Heathen Land
Doth understand;
Praise ye the Lord.

Hymn XXX. *For the Gospel.* M.

Blest be my God that I was Born
To hear the joyful sound,
That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,
And Bred on Christian Ground.

That I was Bred where God appears
In Tokens of his Grace;
The Lines are fallen unto me
In a most pleasant Place.

The Sun which rose up in the East,
And drove their Shades away,
His healing Wings have reach'd the West,
And turn'd our Night to Day,

England at first an Egypt was,
Since that proud Babel's Slave;
At last a Canaan it became,
And then my Birth it gave.

Blest be my God that I have slept
The dismal Night away,
Being kept in Providence's Womb
To England's brightest Day.

Hymn XXXI. *For Redemption.* M.

O That I had an Angel's Tongue!
That I might loudly sing

The

Divine Hymns.

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The Wonders of Redeeming Love
To thee my God and King.

But Man, who at the Gates of Hell
Did Pale and Speechless lye,
Must find a Tongue and Time to speak,
Or else the Stones will cry.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their Thankful Voices raise ;
Can we be Dumb whilst Angels Sing
Our Great Redeemer's Praise ?

Come, let us join with Angels then,
Glory to God on high,
Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men,
Amen, Amen, say I.

Poor *Adam's* Race was Satan's Prey,
And Dust the Serpents Food ;
We that were doom'd to be devour'd
Naked and trembling stood.

Love cloathed with Humility
Built here an House of Clay,
In which it dwelt, and rescu'd Man,
The Devil lost his Prey.

The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christ's Heel,
But then Christ brake his Head,
And left him nail'd upon the Cross
On which his Blood was shed.

Sing and Triumph in boundless Grace,
Which thus hath set thee free ;
Extol with Shouts, my ravish'd Soul,
Thy Saviour's Love to thee.

Give endless Thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in thee,

That

That thou hast not withheld thy Son,
Thine only Son from me.

Thy Deep and Glorious Counsels, Lord,
With trembling I Adore,
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,
Blessed for evermore.

Hymn XXXII. *For the Morning.* M.

MY God was with me all this Night,
And gave me sweet Repose;
My God did watch even whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.

How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep
Until they wish'd for Day,
Measuring slow Hours with their quick Pains,
Whilst I securely lay!

What Terrors have I scap'd this Night
Which have on others fell?

My Body might have slept its last,
My Soul have wak'd in Hell.

Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to me
Which Labour did devour;
My Body was in weakness laid,
But it is rais'd in Pow'r.

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night
My humble Thanks I pay,
And unto thee I Dedicate
The First-fruits of the Day.

Worldly Concernments touch me not,
Below the Mount abide;
I must ascend to th' Father first,
My Saviour else will chide.

This

This Day I'll Praise thee, O my God,
And so I'll all my Days,
O Lord, let mine Eternal Day
Be thine Eternal Praise.

Hymn XXXIII. *For the Evening.*

NOVV from the Altar of my Heart
Let Flames of Incense rise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.

Awake my Love, awake my Joy,
Awake my Heart and Tongue;
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Man's Life's a Book of History,
The Leaves thereof are Days,
The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
The Title is thy Praise.

This Day God was my Sun and Shield,
My keeper and my Guide;
His Care was on my Frailty shewn,
His Mercies multiply'd.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick; but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favours, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require;
Till I shall Praise thee as I would
Accept my Heart's Desire.

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time upon my Score,

Then

Then shall I Praise for all my Time,
When Time shall be no more.

Hymn XXXIV. For Good Success. M.

IS not the Hand of God in this?
Is not his End Divine?

Lord of Success, thee will I bless,
Who on my Paths dost shine.

I reap the Fruit of God's Design,
By him it was foreseen;
He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.

I blindly guess'd, but he foreknew,
I wish'd, he did command,
Wheretore I Praise his careful Eye,
And his unerring Hand.

The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
Aim taken in the Dark,
A Providential Hand doth guide
The Arrow to the Mark.

Except the Lord the City keep
The Watchmen will be slain;
Except the Lord do build the House,
The Builder builds in vain.

Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
When thou send'st Curse or Flame
And Lab'ring Heads that promise Fruit
Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

But thou hast Crown'd my Actions, Lord,
With good Success this Day;
This Crown, together with my self,
At thy blest Feet I lay.

Lord,

Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper me,
And bless me in my Ways,
Prosper my weak endeav'ring Heart,
Which aimeth at thy Praise.

Hymn XXXV. *A General Song of Praise.* M.

HOVV shall I Praise that Majesty
VVhich Angels do Admire?

Let Dust in Dust in Silence lye,
Sing, Sing, ye Heavenly Quire.

Thousands of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, most High,
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand sound
Thy Praise; but who am I?

Thy Brightness unto them appears,
VVhilst I thy Footsteps trace;
A Sound of God comes to my Ears,
But they behold thy Face.

They Sing because thou art their Sun,
Lord, send a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There *Hallelujahs* be.

Enlighten with Faith's Light my Heart,
Enflame it with Love's Fire;
Then shall I Sing, and bear a Part
VVith that Celestial Quire.

I shall, I fear, be Dark and Cold,
VVith all my Zeal and Light;
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
Lord, Treasure up my Mite.

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
VVhich doth all Beings keep?
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To sound so Vast a Deep.

How good art thou, whose Goodness is
 Our Parent, Nurse, and Guide ;
 VVhose Streams do VVater Paradise,
 And all the Earth beside?

Thy Upper and thy Nether Springs
 Make both thy VVorlds to thrive,
 Under thy VVarm and Shelt'ring VVings
 Thou keep'st Two Broods alive.

Thy Arm of Might, most Mighty King,
 Both Rocks and Hearts do break ;
 My God, thou canst do every thing
 But what would shew thee weak.

Thou canst not cross thy self, or be
 Less than thy self, or Poor ;
 But whatsoever pleaseth thee
 That canst thou do, and more.

Unbelief is a Raging VVave,
 Dashing against a Rock ;
 If God do not his *Israel* save
 Then let *Egyptians* mock.

Mercy, that shining Attribute,
 The Sinner's Hope and Plea ;
 Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit
 Are drown'd in thy *Red Sea*.

This is the Devil's Scourge and Sting,
 This is the Angels Song,
 Who Holy, Holy, Holy, Sing
 In Heav'nly *Canaan's* Tongue.

Mercy is God's Memorial,
 And in all Ages Prais'd ;
 My God, thine only Son did fall
 That Mercy might be rais'd.

Thy

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,
I humbly here adore;
Shew me thy Glory, and thy Face,
That I may Praise thee more.

Since none can see thy Face and live,
For me to die is best;
Through *Jordan's* Streams who would not dive
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest?

Hymn XXXVI. *Scripture Hymn.* Dr. H.

THIS Mystery of Godliness
Is very great and high;
God manifested in the Flesh
The Spirit did justify.

The Blessed Angels saw his Face,
His Word the Gentiles heard,
Believ'd on in the World, he was
To God's Right Hand prefer'd.

But now we're come to *Sion Mount*,
Thy City of abode;
The Heavenly *Jerusalem*,
Where dwells the Living God.

To Hosts of Angels numberless,
And to th' Assembly there,
The Gen'ral Church of God's First-born,
Whose Names in Heav'n appear.

And unto God the Judge of all,
On whom the World must wait,
And to the Spir'its of all Just Men
Made Perfect in that State.

To Jesus, Mediator of
The Covenant now made new,
Whose sprinkled Blood speaks better things
Than *Abel's* Blood could do.

Now Blessing, Glory, and Renown,
Must we give all together,
To him that on the Throne sits down,
And to the Lamb for ever.

One God in Trinity
Let Heaven and Earth adore,
From all Eternity,
The same for evermore.

All Glory's his,
Who needing none,
Himself his own
Perfection is.

Hymn XXXVII. *Reformation, as*
Psalm 148. B.

THUS saith the Lord of Hosts,
But yet a little while
And I will shake all Coasts,
Yea, every Land and Isle;
Yet once again
I shake all these,
Heaven, Earth, and Seas,
And all the Main.

All Nations I will shake;
The long desired Day,
Which doth all Nations take,
Lo, that shall come, I say;
And (for all Coasts)

This House I will
With Glory fill,
Saith th' God of Hosts.

The Glory of this last
Far greater shall it grow,
Than of the Temple past,
The Lord of Hosts saith so: **And**

And in this Place
Will I (the Lord
Of Hosts) afford
Sweet Peace and Grace.

Yet not by Might nor Pow'r,
But by my Sp'rit alone,
Saith God of Hosts, our Tow'r,
The Strength of all in one:

For who art thou
O Mountain great!
(The Empire's Seat)
To hinder now?

Before *Zerubbabel*
Thou shalt become a Plain;
The Stone that doth excel
(The Head-Stone of the same)

His Hand shall fit,
And brink it out
With gen'ral Shout,
Grace, Grace to it.

The Hand of that same Man
That laid the Ground-work low,
Shall end what he began;
And I will overthrow

The Heathen Kings;
Who then are they
That flight the Day
Of smaller things?

Hymn XXXVIII. *A Collection from several*
Psalms.

PRaise ye the Lord most High,
My Soul speak thou his Praise;
I'll Praise him constantly,
And Bless him all my Days;

Even whilst I Live,
And Being have,
God who this gave
I'll Praises give.

In Princes put no Trust,
Nor any Son of Man ;
Impotent and Unjust,
None of them help us can.

He Life Refigns,
Returns to Dust,
And then he must
Cease his Designs.

He is the happy Man
Whom God doth help afford ;
Who own and trust God can,
Whose Hope is in the Lord,
Who all Things made ;
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea,
His Truth and they
Do never fade.

Praise ye our Glorious Lord,
Who dwells in Heaven on high,
Let him be still ador'd
Above the Starry Sky.

Ye Angels bright,
And all his Hosts
Throughout Heav'n's Coasts
In Praise delight.

His People he will raise,
And them exalt on high,
All his Saints shall him Praise
And Bless continually;

He

He is ador'd
By *Israel*,
VWho near him dwell;
Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, and Sing
A new rejoicing Song;
Praise ye our Glorious King,
His Holy Ones among,
VWhere they do meet
In Holy Throngs
To Sing these Songs
Sacred and Sweet.

Let *Israel* rejoice
In him that did them make,
VWith chearful Heart and Voice
Let *Sion's* Sons partake,
And to their King,
VWho them directs,
And still Protects,
This Off'ring bring.

Hymn XXXIX. *The Doxologies.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity,
As ever was, and as now is,
All Glory ever be.

Or,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
One Undivided Three,
Or, { One Consubstantial Three,
One Co-eternal Three,
All humble Thanks and joyful Praise,

Or, All highest Praise and humble Thanks,
Now and for ever be.

Or, (For ever rendred be.)

Or,

All Glory to the Blessed Three,
One Ever-living Lord,
As at the first still shall he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Or,

All Glory, Honour, Pow'r, and Praise
To God that's One in Three,
As it in the beginning was,
Is now, and still shall be.

Or,

All Glory to the Blessed Three,
All Honour, Pow'r, and Praise,
As at the first shall ever be,
Beyond the end of Days.

Or,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All [Praise and] Glory be therefore,
As in Beginning was, is now,
And shall be [henceforth] evermore.

Or,

Glory to thee, O Lord,
One God in Persons Three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

Hymn XL. *For the Sabbath.*

IF from my Holy Sabbath-Day
Thou turn away thy Foot,
And do not by thy Pleasure stray,
My Sabbath to pollute,

But

But call the Sabbath a Delight,
 The Holy of the Lord,
 And thy own Carnal Pleasure flight
 In Thought, in Deed, in Word,
 Then shalt thou joy in God alone,
 With Sweet and Sacred Mirth,
 And he shall make thee ride upon
 High Places of the Earth;
 With Father *Jacob's* Heritage
 The Lord shall feed thee Fat;
 For thus doth God's own Mouth engage,
 And thou may'st trust to that.
 To God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost therefore,
 Be Glory, Honour, and Renown,
 And Power for evermore.

Hymn XLI. as Psalm 25.

LET others take their Course,
 And Sing what Name they please,
 Let Wealth or Beauty be their Theme,
 Such empty Sounds as these,

Sweet Jesus is the Name
 My Song shall still adore,
 Sweet Jesus is the Charming Word
 That does my Life restore.

When I am dead in Grief,
 Or, which is worse, in Sin,
 I call on Jesus, and he hears,
 And I to live begin.

Wherefore to thee, Dear Lord,
 Behold thus low I bow;
 And thus again, yet is all this
 Far less than what I owe.

Live Glorious King of Heaven,
 By all thy Heav'n ador'd,
 Live Gracious Saviour of the World,
 Our Chief and Only Lord ;

Live, and for ever may
 Thy Throne establish'd be :
 For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
 Sing Hymns of Praise to thee.

Hymn XLII. *as* Psalm 100.

With all the Pow'rs my poor Soul hath,
 Of Humble Love and Loyal Faith,
 Thus low, my God, I bow to Thee,
 Whom with more Love bow'd low'r to me.

Down busie Sense, Discourses die,
 And all adore Faith's Mystery ;
 Faith is my Skill, Faith can believe
 As fast as Love new Laws can give.

Faith is my Eye, Faith Strength affords,
 To keep pace with those pow'rful Words,
 And Words more sure, more sweet than they,
 Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O Dear Memorial of that Death
 That still survives, and gives us Breath,
 Live ever Bread of Life, and be
 My Food, my Joy, and All to me.

Come, Glorious Lord, my Hopes encrease,
 And fill my Portion in thy Peace ;
 Come hidden Life, and that long Day
 For which I languish, come away.

When this dry Soul those Eyes shall see,
 And drink in th' unseal'd Source of Thee ;
 When Glorious Son Faith's Shade shall chase,
 And for thy Veil give me thy Face.

Hymn

Hymn XLIII. as Psalm 25.

Come Mild and Holy Dove,
Descend into our Breast;
Do thou in us, make us in Thee
For ever dwell and rest.

Come and spread o'er our Heads
Thy soft, all-cher'ishing Wing,
That in its Shade we safely sit,
And to thee Praises Sing.

To thee who gives us Life,
Our better Life of Grace;
Who gives us Breath, and Strength, and Speed,
To run and win our Race.

If by the Way we faint,
Thou reachest forth thy Hand:
If our own Weakness makes us fail,
Thou mak'st our Weakness stand.

When we are sliding back
Thou dost our Dangers stop,
When we again, alas, are fall'n
Again thou tak'st us up.

Else there we still must lye,
And still sink lower down;
Our Hope to rise is all from thee,
Our Ruin's all our own.

O our ungrateful Souls!
What shall our Dulness do
For him that does all this for us,
Only our Love to Woo?

We love thee then, Dear Lord!
But thou must give that Love,
We'll humbly beg it of thy Grace,
But thou our Prayers must move.

Oh

Oh hear thine own self speak,
 For thou in us dost Pray;
 Thou canst as quickly grant as ask,
 Thy Grace knows no delay.

Glory to thee, O Lord,
 One Co-eternal Three,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One equal Glory be.

Of Praise and Hope.

MY God, had I my Breath from thee,
 This Pow'r to Speak and Sing,
 And shall my Voice, and shall my Song,
 Praise any but their King?

My God, had I my Soul from thee
 This Power to Judge and Chuse,
 And shall my Brain, and shall my Will,
 Their best to thee refuse?

Alas, not this alone, nor that
 Hast thou bestow'd on me,
 But all I have, and all I hope,
 I have and hope from thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
 Than I can speak or think;
 Thy Blessings first refresh, then fill,
 Then overflows the brink.

But though my Voice and Fancy be
 Too low to reach thy Praise,
 Yet both shall strain thy Glorious Name,
 High as they can to raise.

Hymn XLIV. *For the Morning, as Psalm 100.*

Open mine Eyes, my Soul, and see
 Once more the Light returns to thee;
 Look

Look round about, and chuse the Way
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to Day.

Think on the Dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding Feet;
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the Place, and fall no more;

Think on the Helps that God bestows,
And cast to steer thy Life by those;
Think on the Sweets thy Soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still;

Think on the Pains that shall Torment
Those stubborn Souls that ne'er Repent;
Think on the Joys that wait above,
To Crown the Head of Holy Love;

Think what at last will be thy Part
If thou go'st on where now thou art;
See Life and Death, set thee to chuse,
One thou must take, and one refuse.

O my Dear Lord, guide thou my Course,
And draw me on with thy sweet Force,
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my Way, to thee my End.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.

Hymn XLV. *The Common Tune for the Evening.*

NOW, O my Soul, the Day is gone
Which in the Morn was thine,
It's emptied Glass no more shall run,
It's Sun no longer shine.

'Tis true, alas, the Day is gone,
O were it only so!

Is it not lost as well as done?

Cast up thy 'Counts and know.

Art thou got so much nearer Heav'n,

As nearer to the Grave?

Has thy Heart's Grief a fitness giv'n

Sin's Pardon to receive?

From what base Vice hast thou refrain'd

To break the Course of Sin?

Or what new Vertue hast thou gain'd

To make thee Rich within?

There Time is well bestow'd on those

Who well their Time bestow,

VVhose Main Concern still forward goes,

VVhose Hopes still riper grow.

VVho when the VVarning-Clocks proclaim

Another Hour is past,

Have the wise Art to set their Aim

And Thoughts upon their last.

This sad Life's last and happiest Hour,

VVhich brings them to their Home,

VVhere they shall Sing and Bless the row'r

That made them thither come.

O my Dear Lord of Life and Death,

The Ever-living King,

Since thou dost give to all their Breath,

May all thy Glory Sing.

FINIS.

